



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE

HEY, LALA—LOOKIT HOW EASY I MADE THAT JUMP!



No. 33 10¢

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FELLOWS.
HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



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Abstract. *Chrysomelids* have been used as biological control agents of invasive plant species. However, the impact of these insects on native plant species is not well understood. We conducted a field experiment to test the hypothesis that *Chrysomelids* are more likely to attack invasive plant species than native plant species. We found that *Chrysomelids* were more likely to attack invasive plant species than native plant species. This suggests that *Chrysomelids* may be effective biological control agents of invasive plant species.

DOLL MAN

THAT'S THE A FINE SCENE! WHO IS IN REALITY THE DOLLMAN IS AT WORK IN A FANTASY WORLD.

DARRELL DANE!

YES MARTHA DANE!

YOU'RE A FINE FANCY! DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WE'RE A DATE TO MEET THE DOGS FAMILIES IN THE SLIMS?

SORRY I FORGOT YOU SEE I'VE JUST DEVELOPED A NEW PLOD WHICH WILL RENDER A MAN SO SOLELY NOTHING COULD BE SAID TO HIM.

COULD IT BE SAID TO HIM?

NO NOT

I CAN SEE THAT NOW MARTHA MAKE A YERD AHEAD! HUNDRED HUNDRED!

WHAT OH YES DEAR THIS FORMULA WILL PRODUCE A SCALE OF RICH MONTHS IN A LIVING MAN HAVING HIS HEAD BEAT IN THE INTERESTING ASIDE!

IS THIS YOURS MOUTH SWEET LIPS?

YES AND YOUR MOUTH IS A MOUTH OF A MOUTH!

WELL THERE!

YES MARTHA DANE! DANE!

WELL WANT YOU TO MEET MY FANCY DARRELL DANE!

CHANCE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET ME?

OH MARTHA! DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR THESE OFFERS!

WELL, WELL, THE DOGS FAMILIES OFF!

WELL!



HOLLY, THEY'RE AFTER ME! I BROKE INTO YOUR HOME BEFORE THEY HAD TO SEE YOU. I HAD TO SEE YOU BEFORE THEY HAD TO SEE ME!



WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

TIM, BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE FRIENDS!



FRIENDS? I DON'T TRUST NO ONE—THEY HEARD WHAT I SAID! THEY'LL BRING THE COPS HERE!



BELOW TWO BLACK STAINS SOIL UP TO THE TENEMENT

THIS IS WHERE SHEARS'S SISTER LIVES, SARGE!



THE COPS ARE HERE ALREADY! HOLLY, WHERE'LL I GO?



THEY'RE NOT GONNA LET ME AGAIN!

TIM!



ON CALL HIM BACK!



A SHOT HEARD'S TWO MEN IN THE STAIRS OF THE ROOM



DESPERATELY HE WINGS OFF



BUT WEAK WITH PAIN, HUNGER, AND FATIGUE, HE DROPS INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE LAW



I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE BOY OFFICER HIS SISTER CLAIMS HE'S INNOCENT

YEAH, HE WAS CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF JOE



TIM'S A GOOD BOY MARTHA, HE WAS FRAMED IN A MURDER CHARGE BY SATISFACTION THE SACRIFICED



I BELIEVE YOU HOLLY AND I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP TIM, PROMISE!



CHIEF THE SKEET
RENTED FROM WALL
POSSIBLE WITH A LITTLE
CLOUT. THROUGH THE
THRAL. CLOUT. AS THE
DAY OF THIS LITTLE
ARRIVES.



THEY'RE GOING
HANG ME FOR A
CRIME I DIDN'T DO
BUT I CAN'T PROVE
MY INNOCENCE.



IF I COULD GET GRANTED TO—
HEY! WHAT'S THAT A LIVING
DOLL? I MUST BE
GOING INSANE!



THE SKEET LEANS BACK
THE ADJUSTED TOY.
DON'T BE ALARMED
I'VE COME
TO HELP
YOU!



IF YOU GO ON I SAY YOU
MAY COME OUT OF
THIS ALIVE!



DON'T SEE HOW A LITTLE KID
LIKE YOU CAN HELP, BUT I'LL
DO WHAT YOU
SAY!



THE LAUGH OF SKEET SKEET LE
WITH A WHOLE LOT MORE AS
A WHOLE LOT MORE AS
A WHOLE LOT MORE AS



THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR
OF THE SKEET LEANS BACK



HEAT SOLEMNLY MEANS
THE GALLOW'S STEPS.

THIRTEEN BOYS ARE BOYD AND
LIFE OF ART BEATS OUT THE
SCHOOL'S AS HE WORKS WITH
THE DOGMAIN WILL DO



THE DOGMAIN WILL DO
LIFE OF ART BEATS OUT THE
SCHOOL'S AS HE WORKS WITH
THE DOGMAIN WILL DO



QUICK THE
SHALLON
TAP
PULL

AS THE MURDER IS SHOWN
NO ONE SEES A LITTLE
FINGER LEAP FROM THE
CLIFFORD AND ONCE AM



HOPE
ROBERTS LIVES
HERE IN THE



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG
TIN DUCKS BELOW
THE PLATFORM



HMM-STRANGE. FINGER MORTIS
HAS SET IN ALREADY. HE'S ONLY
BEEN DEAD A
FEW MONTHS



A MOMENT LATER A
TRUCK DRIVES OVER
TO THE PRISON



DR. PROFESSOR
ROBERTS I'VE
COME FOR SURE ANY
BODY?

BUT A
CLAIM?



CERTAINLY I'M CLAIMING
HIM FOR MOTHER SUE AN
HIS SISTER?



OK

QUICK! THIS STILL FORM IS
LOADED IN THE PROFESSOR'S
TRUCK



NOW WE'LL FIND
OUT IF MR FORM IS A
WORKER?



HE DOES
OPEN THE
HEXITLED





YEAH THE SUCKERS AGENT
FINDING UP FOR CLUB DE
PROTECTION AND OUR
BOYS ARE GETTING BEAT UP!



YOU GOTTA
DO SOMETHING
FAST!

I KNOW WHAT TO DO
LET THE CAR IN
MAKIN A FEW
SOCIAL
CALLS!



STEP ON IT MIKE-I GOT A
LOT TA DATES TO KEEP-
WE'LL STOP AT KRUGERS
BAKERY
FIRST!



HE GOT THE SOCIETY THING
UP BEFORE THE BAKERY



NOBODY'S GONNA RUN A
BUSINESS THAT I WORKED
ALL MY LIFE TO BUILD UP!



HELLO KRUGER-HY BOYS TELL
ME YOU GOT A BAD CASE OF
STUBBORNNESS YOU
DON'T PAY YOUR
BILLS!



BUT I CAN'T PAY YOU! YOU
TAKE ALL MY PROFITS! YOU
NOT I PAY MY
RENT!



DON'T GIVE ME NO ALIBIS
SEE POK BOYS GET THE AXE
WE'RE GONNA TEAR
UP THIS
JOINT!



YEAH AND LETS SEE
WHAT HE'S GOT FOR
US IN HERE BOSS!



WE'LL LOOK AT THIS!
KRUGER STILL PLAYS
WITH DOLLS!



NEXT LOOK OUT!
IT'S ALIVE!



ALIVE AND
DASH TO
GO!





AT 11 O'CLOCK THE DEAD MAN'S
KIDNAPERS WERE STATIONED
BEHIND A XTAL COOL IMPERFORATE
BUILDING.



CURTAINS GOING
UP ON THE BIG
SCENE!



THEY ENTER A ROOMY PLACE
PACKED ASSEMBLY OF MEN
WOMEN'S GUESTS.





Another exciting episode of The Dellman in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.



There are two new
books out now by
Rand Keane. They are
both new and different
from anything he has
ever done before. They
are both new and
different from anything
he has ever done before.



There's a new
book out now
by Rand Keane.
It's a new and
different book
from anything
he has ever done
before.

**NEW
YORK
CITY!**



It's not so easy
to be lucky. You
have to be looking
for it. You have
to be looking for it.



The woman
who had been
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
night
was now
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
day.



THAT FELLOW AND
THE OTHER
OLD MAN
THEY'RE BOTH
ON THE
MURDER
TRAIL



I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR
YOU FOR
A LONG
TIME

The woman
who had been
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
night
was now
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
day.



WHAT
THE

CRASH



YOU ROCK
LEAVES YOU
CARRYING
YOUR
GUNS

I'M SORRY
BUT I
HATE
TO
LEAVE
YOU
ALONE

WELL, I
HATE
TO
LEAVE
YOU
ALONE
TOO



OH, OH, OH
OH, OH, OH

The woman
who had been
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
night
was now
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
day.



WELL, I
HATE
TO
LEAVE
YOU
ALONE
TOO

The woman
who had been
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
night
was now
the first to
see the
strange
thing in the
day.



HE'S DONE
SOMETHING
AND HE'S
NOT
TALKING
ABOUT
IT

THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.



OH, YES, THAT'S ALL. I'VE GOT TO GO. I'VE GOT TO GO. I'VE GOT TO GO.



THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.



THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.

THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.

THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.



THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.



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THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.

THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM.





MOVING QUICKLY TO
SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
A MAN WHO COULDN'T
BE IN TWO PLACES AT
THE SAME TIME.

THE BEST EVIDENCE
WAS THE FACT THAT
BLACKBURN, OF THE
FBI, HAD BEEN SEEN
AT THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME.

ACTUALLY, HE WAS
NOT THERE AT ALL.
HE WAS IN THE
MIDDLE OF A TRIP
TO THE MOUNTAINS.
HE WAS NOT EVEN
IN THE COUNTRY.
HE WAS NOT EVEN
IN THE STATE.

THEY LEFT BLACKBURN
BEHIND THEM. THEY
WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS.



COLONEL JOHNSON, THE
FBI'S CHIEF OF INVESTIGATION

THEY WENT TO THE
MOUNTAINS. THEY
WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS.



COL. JOHNSON, CHIEF OF INVESTIGATION



ARE YOU BLACKBURN? OR
JACKSON? I DON'T KNOW.
TELL ME FIRST.

IT'S JACKSON.
THE JACKSON.



HAVE BLACKBURN START
DOING THESE AT ONCE.
FROM THE FACT THAT BOY
TOLD US THEY MUST
BE IMPORTANT.

WHEN
HE OVER IN
THE HOUSE.
TILL THEN.



HOWEVER, WHAT JACKSON
WANTS NOW?

IN THE SECRET FILING
ROOMS, JACKSON
WANTS NOW.



TELL ME THE COUSIN LEFT THE
MOUNTAINS. QUICK. YOU KNOW
WHAT HE DID.

TELL ME THE COUSIN LEFT THE
MOUNTAINS. QUICK. YOU KNOW
WHAT HE DID.



GOOD MORNING, HENRY. DO
YOU SEE THE HENLEY
SHIRT?

TELL ME THE COUSIN LEFT THE
MOUNTAINS. QUICK. YOU KNOW
WHAT HE DID.



ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A HENLEY AND A HENLEY?

TELL ME THE COUSIN LEFT THE
MOUNTAINS. QUICK. YOU KNOW
WHAT HE DID.



JOHN: SAMUEL, DON'T
SUSPECT!



JOHN: DON'T LET THE WOMAN
GET THROUGH TO
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY!



JOHN: KEEP THE WOMAN
AT BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY! DON'T LET
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JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
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BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!



JOHN: THE ONLY WAY TO
KEEP SUSPECT AT
BAY! DON'T LET
SUSPECT!





THAT'S THE DOOR!



LOOK! ABOVE! THERE'S A
NOISE! THAT'S THE DOOR!
FOR ALL THAT!



GET UP! DON'T YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING?



ALERT! THERE'S THE DOOR!
ONE OF THE ONLY TWO
BEING USED! THEY'RE BEING
USED THE OTHER!

LOOK! THE DOOR IS BEING USED!



THAT'S JACKSON! AND HE
SAYS... ILL... HE'S BEEN
BEING SEEN... JACKSON!



GET UP! UP!
QUICK!

CRASH!



JACKSON! HE CAN'T BE!

THE DOOR IS BEING USED!
AT THE DOOR! AT THE DOOR!
AND THE DOOR IS BEING USED!



SHOOT! DROP
THAT! DROP!



ONE, SHOOT!



GET UP! THE
DOOR IS BEING USED!

SHOOT! SHOOT! SHOOT!
THE DOOR IS BEING USED!







Samar

There is no need to worry about the cost of a total system. We'll help you control the cost of your system.

NOTES: 1. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS FOR INFORMATION ONLY. IT IS NOT A CONTRACT. 2. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS FOR INFORMATION ONLY. IT IS NOT A CONTRACT.





HE'S GOT TO BE THE
BIGGEST FIGHTER IN THE
WORLD!



HOW DOES THAT ALWAYS
TURN OUT, THOUGH?
AFTER THAT
ONE
EVEN FIGHT!



WHAT'S THAT FIGHTER
LIKE A FIGHTER? THOUGH
THAT ONE FIGHT?



HE'S GOT TO BE THE
BIGGEST FIGHTER IN THE
WORLD!



WHAT A FIGHT TO SEE!
THOUGH AFTER THAT
ONE FIGHT!



HE'S GOT TO BE THE
BIGGEST FIGHTER IN THE
WORLD!



WHAT A FIGHT TO SEE!
THOUGH AFTER THAT
ONE FIGHT!



ALL RIGHT, JIMMY BOY
PUT YOUR HANDS
UP!



HE'S GOT TO BE THE
BIGGEST FIGHTER IN THE
WORLD!



HE'S GOT TO BE THE
BIGGEST FIGHTER IN THE
WORLD!





Poison

IVY

THE MIGHTY
MITE





SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY ROSE SMITH



LEADING THE LEAD PLANE
IS CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW USN



THE PLANE IS
FLYING OVER THE
OCEAN



PLANE IS
FLYING OVER THE
OCEAN



THE PLANE IS
FLYING OVER THE
OCEAN



THE PLANE IS
FLYING OVER THE
OCEAN



WHEW! I'M ALMOST OUT
THE BLIND ATTEMPT
TO GET OUT OF THE



HE'S GOT A TIGHT GRIP
ON THE WALL - HE'S GOT
ON HIS OWN OWN



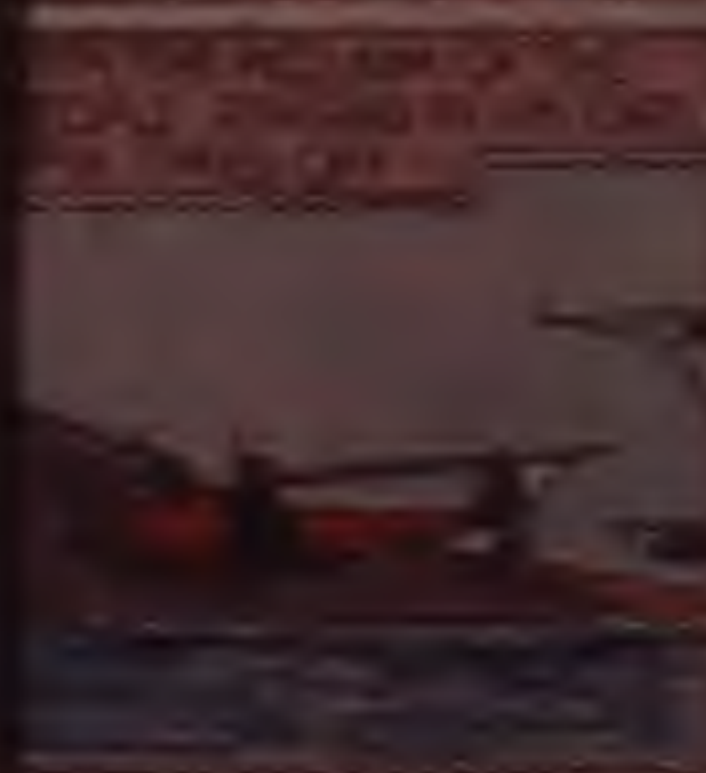
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO GET OUT OF THE
PLACE - THE ONLY
WAY TO GET OUT











WAAHOOZA



CAPTAIN FORTUNE

by
Vernon Henkel



ABOARD THE DUTCHMAN
FORTUNE ON A VESSEL FROM ENGLAND
ENCOUNTERS A THUNDER
STORM



LAND AHEAD! ALL HANDS
ON DECK!
WE'RE ON THE
ROCKS!



ABANDON
SHIP!

NEXT MORNING THE REVENUE
SURVEILLANCE BOAT IS
AN APPROACHING SHIP



LOOK KENTSHIRE!
A SHIP. MAYBE
THEY WILL
AID US!

CAREFUL
FORTUNE SHE
HASN'T THE
LOOKS OF AN
HONEST
VESSEL!



ABOARD THE DUTCHMAN SHE



LOOK BOB! A VESSEL
BEACHED BY THE STORM.
SHE MAY HAVE LOOT. GET
THE COIN DEATH!

THOSE MEN ON THE BEACH
WANT TO
KILL THEM!



THE FIRST VESSEL TO BE
BEACHED FULLY ALOFT ON
FORTUNE'S CHARTERED COIN



MUST SURRENDER TO
THE BLUE COAST GUARDS
AND NO MORE
BURNED CANNON.

IT'S A
SURRENDER FOR
THE
COAST.

CLARE KNOWS THEY
HAVE A WHITE
FLAG.

THE SHIPS COME
OUT TO CUT THE
WHITE FLAG.

WELL, YOUR
COAST GUARDS
WANT TO
SURRENDER
TO US.

CAPTAIN
FORTUNE
WANTS TO
SURRENDER
TO US.

ANYONE WHO
WANTS TO SURRENDER
TO A WOMAN!

TO A WOMAN I ASK!
BUT I COUNT NO DEATHS
AS MY MASTER!

YOU INSOLENT BRINE TALK
REACH THE OMBRE!
WENT DOWN TO THE
HULL FOR THE LASH!

NO MORE SAYS
WILL PUT CAPTAIN
FORTUNE TO
THE LASH!

WELL, I RETURN YOUR
SURRENDER HAND, CAPTAIN!

WELL, YOU
WANT TO!

THE HOWL AT THE
AND TAKE HIM TO THE
SHORE!

ONCE ABOARD THE PRISONER'S SHIP
EIGHTYONE AND HIS COMPANIONS
WILL BE LOCKED IN THAT CELL.



WILL BE ON THE PRISONER'S SHIP



WE MUST TRY TO OBTAIN
THE KEY TO THE LOCKS OF THE
DOOR OF THE SHIP.



BUT SOMEBODY HAS THE
KEY TO THE PRISONER'S SHIP
DOOR. AND SOMEBODY HAS
A KEY TO THE PRISONER'S SHIP.



PUT A SHOT ACROSS
HER BOW! WE'LL FIND
OUT WHY SHE RAN
FROM US!



THEY'RE FIGHTING NOW!
WE'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT!



BY THE WAY, FORTUNE HAS
THE KEY TO THE PRISONER'S SHIP.



WELL, YOUR HIGH WILL MAKE
A WONDERFUL ADDED
TO OUR FORCE!



WELL, YOUR HIGH WILL MAKE
A WONDERFUL ADDED
TO OUR FORCE!



I HAVE NO CHOICE!
MY HIGH ARE AT
YOUR SERVICE!



WE MUST TRY TO OBTAIN
THE KEY TO THE LOCKS OF THE
DOOR OF THE SHIP.









Suddenly the shadowy figure of a man is seen in the room.



If only I could get that thing back by hook or by crook!



Then the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now I've got to reach that thing or else!



I've got it!



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



Now the shadowy figure is seen again, this time with a small object in his hand.



ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE



THE HOUSE WHICH WAS KNOWN OF AS 'THE HOUSE OF THE GHOST' WAS A VERY OLD BUILDING IN A QUIET STREET. IT WAS A VERY OLD BUILDING IN A QUIET STREET. IT WAS A VERY OLD BUILDING IN A QUIET STREET.



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THE DEAD RETURN

By
ROBERT M. HYATT

The *Blue J* slipped through the dark, quiet sea like a ghost ship. The crew had long since crept into their hammocks.

But Blake Mulvaney was awake. Blake was skipper of the *Blue J* and a tougher, more handsome man didn't ply the seas. From Singapore to the Cape he was known as "Bad Eye" Mulvaney.

Tonight he paced the length of his cabin trying to find at some way to get possession of the map that reposed in old John Barlow's pocket. It was a map giving the latitude and longitude of the wrecked *Sybil*, the ill-fated schooner which had carried \$1,000,000 to the bottom eight years before. Barlow, a diver, was the only survivor and he had taken the ship's journal just before the last explosion of her boilers.

Barlow had come to Mulvaney in Melbourne, and the two men had agreed on a deal—Mulvaney to furnish the ship and crew, Barlow to turn over one-third of the salvage (if any) to Mulvaney, scuttled in the wreck, and return the remaining third for himself. The old man kept the map out of sight, checking the *Blue J's* position daily.

Barlow had been accompanied by Perry Scott, a young, modern navigator who wanted to test a new type of radio diving rig.

Thinking it over, Bad Eye had decided that one-third of a million was not enough. And who should the fortune's Lancer ever divide a third? No, murmured Bad Eye, the split was crazy. Who was to take it all himself?

John Barlow always sat all midnight on the plowback, puffing a pipe before turning in. He was there now, his position marked by the intermittent glow of his pipe. It guided Mulvaney

to his nightly approach.

"That's a weird Barlow!" muttered Bad Eye just behind that old man's chair.

Barlow got up quickly. "What's that?"

"This," murmured Mulvaney. "I want that map. Tomorrow you'll be back here."

"I'm doing real!" Barlow said. "I might've known your dogs would try to cheat me. Well—"

"Save the job," said the Mulvaney. "and hand over the map."

"Mulvaney," said Barlow. "I lost your game. You're holding a gun on me—as you are for the money. But I'll reveal it everything happens to me. I'll come back and kill you! You see me now though?"

Barlow made a quick slip back, going for his gun. His foot slipped and he fell heavily, his head striking one of the iron stumps. He lay still, knocked unconscious.

Bad Eye ripped open his jacket and drew out the precious map. Snuffing it into his own pocket, he picked up old Barlow and dropped him over the side. There was a splash—then silence.

"Come back, will ya?" murmured Bad Eye. "Now about those sharks out there with him?"

They sighted the *Marguerite* in the morning. Mulvaney, like a clock watch on the schooner's instruments. Just before noon he ordered a halt. According to the map, the *Blue J* was directly over the wrecked *Sybil*.

Barlow had been a late diver, but when he didn't show up on deck by noon, Perry Scott began making inquiries.

"Ain't over him?" Bad Eye said. "Mebbe in his office."

But he wasn't. His yacht was undisturbed.

"Mebbe still over him," muttered Mulvaney.

"Mark!" exploded young Scott. "Something's happened to him—in the way, son."

"That won't make no diff," Bad Eye told him. "He gave me a good idea of the *Sybil's* location, we're about over her now, I figure."

An hour after lunch the *Lancet* broke out the diving rig and Mulvaney was down. Perry watched the telephone connecting down with deep.

Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. Mulvaney's voice cracked into the transmitter.

"Okay. See the wreck. Bring me to the north-east—don't lose it. . . . There. Now lower away. Hold it."

"Perry, the Captain, Captain!" said Perry into the phone. "You all right?"

"Right. Give me a little slack cable."

Perry wound his message. "How goes it, Captain?" he said. There was no answer. He increased the message. Still silence. The air was going down steadily. There was an explosion now inside the helmet. The upper air was cut off. There was also a metallic rattle (Perry's invention) that could regulate the phone, if the first failed.

Perry shouted his question in to the air. He thought he could hear a building crash, like the *Lancet*, but he wasn't sure.

You don't see! A great laugh rippled into Perry's ears. Ad mean laugh. Perry shouted to Mulvaney, but there was no answer but that laugh.

Mulvaney was deep in the hole.

DUSTY RYAN

GENERAL RYAN AND HIS MEN
INSTRUCTED AN ARMYMAN
TO BRING ON THE CLAY TO BE
REMOVED BY CHASEY SCOTT.



THE WALLS WERE LOOSELY
BUILT. SAVING HIMSELF FROM
BEING CRUSHED AGAIN, HE
LOOKS UP. BUT HE HAS
REACHED THE TOP OF THE



HE CAN'T GET
DOWN TO HIM
WITHOUT A
ROPE.

BOY HERE, BE
HOLD. I'LL
BACK TO THE
SCHOOL. FOR
ANOTHER ROPE.



HE'S
TRYING
TO
CLIMB
DOWN.



ACCORDING TO THE STORY
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN
ED TO THE DISCOUNT



AND HE STROKE HIS
HEAD AGAIN ON A ROCK



SERVES YOU RIGHT YOU
LITTLE POOL. NAUSE YOU'LL
KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME.
HE'S NOT MOVING.
OH—NAUSE I
KILLED HIM.



FINALLY, HE COLLAPSED OVER
DROWNING. AND LEAVING
DOWN IN THE WHITE
CANDLING BEACH.



ANOTHER ONE. AND I DID
IT. I SAID I CAN SAVE THE
ONE BY CLIMBING DOWN
AFTER HIM. I-I
DON'T MEAN TO
DO THAT AGAIN.



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER CHILDREN
WERE ALSO EXHAUSTED.



WHAT?
YES, RIGHT NEXT
TO THE CHAIR. HE
OF THE FENCE. AND
HE'S CLIMBING FROM
THE ROPE. HE'S
NOT DOWN.



CARRY AWAY
THE CASE OF
SAILBY. HE'S
MURDERED.



WILL CARRY JENKS THROUGH
PAGE OF SPINLEY RUSTY
FISHES INTO THE BRIDGE.



... AND A MOMENT LATER
WIFE'S OUT ON THE BRIDGE
... THE TWO OF THEM ...



WILLIAM WOODWARD
WIFE'S AND NO
SOME
RUSTY?



IT'LL BE BACK SOON. CARRY
JENKS! COME ON, PRINCE.
STEP ON IT!



MEANWHILE ... WILLIAM WOODWARD
TO WHAT'S THE ... THE ...
... THE ...



I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM.
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM.
WHAT'S THAT?



LOOKING DOWN BRIDGE
SEES THE ROPE SLOWLY
PARTING FROM THE
CONSTANT RUBBING AGAINST
THE ROCK.



IT'LL BE TOO LATE IN A
MOMENT ... THE ROPE'S
GIVING THEM FAST HORSE
HOOPS ... SOMEONE'S
COMING.



COME ON
PRINCE!



AS HE RIPS UP TO THE
SCENE, RUSTY SEES THE
BOY ...



OH—I HOPE I CAN
MAKE IT!





BIG TOP

THE GREAT SHOTGUN



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, INTRODUCING -
THE GREAT SHOTGUN -
OF THE MAGIC EYE -
THE MASTER OF
SUPERHUMAN
SIGHT!



FIFTY TONNAGE BUCKS EYES - SHOOTING
BACKWARDS WHILE FLYING OFF
A MIRROR!



FORTY
KINGERS
AT FIFTY
YARDS!
THE
MAGIC
EYE!



SEVENTY CONSECUTIVE
HITS WITH A
PRIMITIVE
BOW AND
ARROW!



SHOOTING UPSIDE DOWN
THE GREAT SHOTGUN KILLS
THE WOLF ON THE
MOUNTAIN!



THE GREAT
SHOTGUN KICKS
A GOLF BALL
SIXTY YARDS
INTO A MILK
BOTTLE -
THE
MAGIC
EYE!



LOOK! THE GREAT
SHOTGUN - HE SHOT
WITH MAGIC EYE!
HE NEVER
MISSES!



WELL, WELL, SHOTGUN,
YOUR HUSBAND
SLAYED HIM
TODAY!



YES, MOTHER -
THE OLD EYE
WAS NEVER
BETTER!

MY
THIRTEENTH



OUR
HUSBAND
RECALLED
RECENTLY
GOT TO
RECALLED
DURING THE
SHADE!



WELL, IF THE
THE CIRCUS
WELL, THE GREAT
SHOTGUN WILL NOT
BE IN
TOMORROW...



WELL, THE GREAT
SHOTGUN HAS
EYE TROUBLE!



BIG TOP

WORTH TRYIN' HERE!



Read Big Top in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 14th.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



REYNOLDS MOUNTED

BOYS - COME HERE QUICK!
CONOVER'S BEEN
STABBED TO
DEATH!!

WORK AT THE DENVER MINE GOES
ON AS USUAL... SUDDENLY THERE
IS A RY FROM ONE OF THE MEN



HES BEEN
STABBED ALL
RIGHT... BUT
THE KNIFE'S
GONE!!

HERE
COMES
MANAGER
SLADE--



STABBED, EN?
HAVE YOU
BOYS GOT ANY
IDEAS ABOUT
THIS?

SURE, OH!
CONOVER WAS
THREATENED
BY DAN
STONE
YESTERDAY!!



STONE DIDNT REPORT
FOR WORK TODAY -
SUPPOSE WE GIVE HIM
A VISIT AND ASK TO
HAVE A LOOK AT THE
WIFE HE ALWAYS
CARRIES!!



WE CANT GET
ANY WITH IT
CONOVER WAS
MY PAL!!

WELL TIVE
THE LAW
INTO OUR
OWN HANDS!!

HELL
HANG
FOR
THIS!!



OPEN UP, STONE -
WE WANT TO
TALK TO
YOU!!



WELL... OH - IT'S
YOU, SLADE -
WHAT'S
WROUGHT?



STONE -
WE'D LIKE
TO SEE
YOUR
HUNTING
KNIFE!!

SORRY, SLADE -
BUT SOMEONE'S
STOLEN IT FROM
MY LOCKER AT
THE MINE --



THAT'S A LIE, SLADE!!
HE KILLED CONOVER AND
THEN BURIED THE KNIFE
SOMEWHERE - HE WONT
GET ANY WITH IT, EN
BOYS!!

MEANWHILE
NOT ONE
WORD
REYNOLDS
IS
GETTING
ACQUAINTED
WITH
JIMMIE
STONE,
DAVID
DON.

HOW ARE YOUR
PICTURES COMING
ALONG, JIMMIE?

WELL
SOMEBODY
REYNOLDS!

LOOK- THERE'S THE ESTATE
OF MR. SLADE WHO'S
MANAGER OF THE
KING MEUSE MY
DAD WORKS...

LAST NIGHT I TOOK FLASH
PICTURES OF THE WHOLE
ESTATE - MR. SLADE
DIDN'T KNOW IT OR
HE WOULD'VE CHASED
ME AWAY - HE DOESN'T
LIKE PROWLERS!

I DON'T BLAME HIM -
YOU CAN GET IN
TROUBLE BY
PROWLING AT
NIGHT, JIMMIE!

WY - HERE COMES
CHARLIE THE
HALF-BRED -
RUNNING LIKE
TURTLE!

CHARLIE -
WHAT'S
NEEDING?

MOUNTS! COME QUICK
TO CASH - MOTHER
GON'T TO HAND-UM
JIMMIE'S FATHER!!

WHAT?

GODS -
SUREFOOT
WERE
TOO
LATE!

MUST'VE
THINK
OF THAT
SON!!

THERE THEY
ARE - NOT
TOO
LATE
BOY!!

JUST A
MINUTE, YOU
WEN - I'LL
TAKE CHARGE
HERE!!

CONFERRED
BEN JONSON'S
AND WE
THINK
STONE
DID IT - NO
WHAT JUSTICE!!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
YOU'RE GONING TO GET -
I'M TAKING FULL CHARGE
OF THIS CASE - NOW GET
BACK TO WORK BEFORE
I RUN YOU ALL IN FOR
INTERFERING WITH THE
LAW!!





LISTEN MEN! I JUST SAW DAVE
STONE GO INTO THE CAVE-DOWN BY
THE LAKE - CROWN MON'S
OUR CHANCE TO GET HIM!

LET'S GO
SLADE!

MEANWHILE - AT THE LAKE...



THE MOUNTIES
NOT DOING ANYTHING!
LET'S JUST STALLING
UP ON IT!



WAKES THAT - IT
SOUNDS LIKE...
YES - IT'S VOICES!!



DON'T MOVE, STONE!
YOU'RE GONNA TO
PAY FOR YOUR
CRIME - ALL EIGHT
BOYS PUT OUT
ALL TORCHES...



HOW HAD ONE CAN
SEE US FROM THE
OUTSIDE...
GET THE ROPE
READY - GRAB
STONE, BOTH!

LET IT
GO!! YOU
CAN'T PROVE I
KILLED CORNER
H-HELP!!



AT DAVE STONE'S CHASE...

WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
CHARLIE?

WAKES GO TO
CAVE BY LAKE
WHERE FATHER
IS... THEY VERY
MAD!!



SURELY - THE
WAKES HAVE DAD
TRAPPED IN A CAVE -
CROWN MON! THEY'LL HANG
HIM FOR SURE
THIS TIME!!



I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT
YOUR CAMERA ALONG,
JIM - IT MIGHT
COME IN HANDY...

IT'S
HELPED
LOTS OF
TIMES!



WELL - HERE I GO - REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD YOU - KEEP
OUT OF SIGHT AND
WAIT FOR MY
SIGNAL!!

THEY WON'T
SEE ME...
IT'S PLenty
DARK IN HERE -
I'LL BE
READY!!



HANDS UP, YOU
MEN... DON'T
MOVE - YOU'RE
COVERED!!

IT'S
THE
MOUNTIE!!



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This is the first time that a woman has been elected to the position of President of the American Society of International Law.




I'm going to get a new car.

You're going to get a new car? That's great! But what about your old car?



I'm not a saint!



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[The page contains two columns of handwritten notes, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The handwriting is cursive and difficult to decipher.]

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